

# THE DAILY CONSTITUTION.

VOLUME XIV.

ATLANTA, GA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 14, 1881.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## SITTING IN HIS CHAIR.

THE PEOPLE AND PHYSICIANS ASTONISHED.

A Hasty Summons to the Physicians, Who are Met With a Request From the Patient That He be Permitted to Sit Up—The Wish Granted, and Evidence of Convalescence.

ELBERON, 8:30 a.m.—At the examination of the president at 8 a.m. to-day the temperature was 94, pulse 100 and respiration 20. He passed a comfortable night, sleeping most of the time, and on the whole his condition this morning is encouraging and gives promise of a good day.

D. W. BLISS.

FRANK H. HAMILTON.

A 11 a.m., the president sent for his surgeons and Doctors Hamilton, Bliss and Boynton hurried over, creating some alarm by their rapid movements. The surgeons were in the cottage but about fifteen minutes when they emerged. Dr. Hamilton said to an agent of the associated press that the president, being very anxious to be moved from his bed into his invalid chair, and feeling strong enough to stand the change, had sent for the doctors to have it made. They deemed it safe, and lifted him into the chair, where he now sits in a reclining position enjoying the change very much.

AND THE PATIENT SITS UP.

12:30 p.m.—The president was allowed to remain in his invalid chair 35 minutes and was lifted back to his bed at 11:30 a.m. There were no ill effects from the change. The physicians say they will allow him to sit in the chair at least once a day so long as the present favorable condition continues. The president feels convinced that he is growing stronger and is much gratified that the result justified his judgment of his ability to stand the change when he requested it.

HIS CONDITION DURING THE DAY.

The president's condition continues favorable. No ill effects were realized from his being placed in his reclining chair, and there was no change in pulse or temperature in consequence of his removal from bed and back again. The president enjoyed the change. He was placed in a position commanding full view of the ocean and elevated to an angle of 45 degrees. He was removed to his bed at his own request, not because he was tired, but because he considered it best not to overdo the matter. Dr. Bliss says he will take him up awhile every day, if his favorable condition continues. The febrile rise was scarcely perceptible last night, and what little there was continued until the morning dressing occurred, which accounts for the higher temperature noted in the morning bulletin. Dr. Bliss still maintains that the president is convalescent, and that there are no indications of blood-poisoning. He holds that the lung complication is gradually passing away and does not appear any further trouble from it. He says the existence of trouble in that organ has been known by the surgeons for several weeks past, and the crisis came on Sunday, which day he virtually lost by not making any gain. Since then, however, he has improved.

THE EVENING BULLETIN.

6 p.m.—At 12 m. to-day the temperature was 98.5, pulse 100 and respiration 20. At the evening dressing at 5:30 the temperature was 98.4, pulse 100 and respiration 20. The president was placed in a semi-recumbent position upon an invalid chair at 11 a.m. and remained one-half of an hour without fatigue or discomfort. The wound is making the usual favorable progress and his general condition is re-assured.

SENT TO LOWELL.

The following cablegram was sent to-night:

To Lowell, Minister, London: There has been no material change in the president's condition during the last twenty-four hours. He was moved at 11 a.m. to an invalid chair in which he has remained for half an hour and the president is less inclined to drowsiness during the day than at night. The weather is now very favorable and the physician thinks the discovery of a slight improvement in his system. They expect him to pass a very comfortable night.

MACVEAGH.

Presidential Disability RECEIVES NO ATTENTION FROM SOUTHERN GOVERNORS. New York Herald Telegrams.

WINCHESTER, Va., September 10.—Pursuant to instructions your correspondent called upon Governor Holliday for the purpose of ascertaining his views touching the president's disability and the propriety of Vice-President Arthur assuming the executive functions. On making known the object of my visit Governor Holliday respectfully declined to express any opinion for publication in regard to the matter.

ATLANTA, Georgia, September 10.—The Herald correspondent has called twice on Mr. Alexander H. Stephens in order to obtain his opinion on President Garfield's inability to perform official acts, but Mr. Stephens utterly refuses to say one word on the subject, holding that it would be improper to express an opinion just now.

AUSTIN, Texas, September 10.—In reply to a question by the Herald correspondent as to the propriety of Vice-President Arthur taking the presidential chair, Governor Roberts said: "It is a question we have nothing to do officially, and I have no views to give."

COLUMBIA, S. C., September 10.—Your correspondent called upon Governor Hagedorn this morning to ascertain his views touching Vice-President Arthur's right to assume the position of president during President Garfield's temporary disability. The correspondent's question the governor replied: "No, sir; I will not. I have no views on the subject and think it is in very bad taste to criticize Arthur before he has had a chance."

JACKSON, Miss., September 10.—Governor J. M. Stone, of Mississippi, declines to be interviewed in reference to General Arthur acting as president during the disability of President Garfield. He had not considered the question, he said, and would express no opinion.

A DESTRUCTIVE EXPLOSION.

In Which Several Persons Were Instantly Killed.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., September 13.—A terrible boiler explosion occurred this morning at Bustleton & Brown's dry dock, at the foot of Essex street, resulting in the immediate death of two men and fatally injuring three others. The tug W. E. Gladwin, was in the dock for repairs. The engineer of the dock, George Eveson, had been called away, and had left his son, aged 24, in charge. He had omitted to put water in the boiler, and the explosion occurred. Captain Decker, of the tug, was instantly killed by a piece of the boiler, which completely severed his head from his body, and entirely destroyed the pilot house of the tug. James Morris, aged 21, who was on the deck, was also killed by the same piece, his skull being crushed. The remainder of the boiler flew in the direction of Essex street, a distance of six hundred feet or more, and was found in the street. It is estimated at the corner of Hudson street it exploded a large portion of fire hydrant and two large trees, and two wagons standing in the street were destroyed. The body of Capt. Decker, of the tug, was found in the river.

THE PROGRESS OF ELECTRICITY.

NEW YORK, September 13.—Ex-Minister White arrived from Europe yesterday, that while he was visiting the electric exposition. He says he is not the first, nor the last, to be interested in the building. The size of the crowd of who are laying the new Atlantic cable, have exhibited. The electric railroad, as laid in Paris, is a perfect model. "I think," said Mr. White, "that a revolution will come. The railroads must soon adopt that system,

for it does away with the wear and tear of the heavy engines. Siemens Brothers are preparing to establish a new road in Berlin and four miles of the road will be laid in a box underneath the floor, about three feet long, three feet broad and eighteen inches high, the car stops and starts as easily as a horse-car, and at the rate of about fifteen or twenty miles an hour."

NEW ORLEANS IN TUMULT.

The Mayor Calls on the Governor, and the Governor Proclaims Martial Law.

NEW ORLEANS, September 13.—This forenoon Jim Wilson, the driver of a boat, was stoned, when he drove a pistol and shot John Linksey in the back of the neck, near the spine. Wilson drove on and delivered his load of cotton at the Kentucky press. A large crowd gathered around the press and fears of a riot was imminent. Three teamsters reported that they were driven off their floats—one of them being struck with a rock. The floats were taken in charge by the police and driven to their destination. In the lower district twenty men, employed at the Natchez press, armed themselves with double-barrel shot-guns and went to work with the guns near at hand to be used in protecting themselves. On Tchoupitoulas street several pistol shots were fired in rapid succession, the police arrested two men for firing shots at the crowd.

The first and second brigades of militia assembled at their armories ready for duty.

LATER.—Great excitement is reported at the foot of Eugenie street, the men loading the ship with cotton having been driven away from their work by the menacing crowd. The mob then boarded the vessel and are now reported to be firing through the hatchways at the crew men in the hold. The acting governor has issued his proclamation ordering the state militia to assist the mayor in preserving the peace and to disperse all congregations of persons on the street corners.

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## SHE LOVED TOO WELL,

AND SHE PRAYED A GREAT DEAL

TOO FERVENTLY.

A Young German Girl Arrived at Castle Garden Devels Signs of Insanity—Behind it Appears a Tale of Disappointed Love and Religious Frenzy—Her Condition Desperate.

in charge of Will, who finally goth him on his shoulder and started out, but was stopped by Scobie, who had come to see him. Jeff did so and helped for a short distance but let go, remarking: "Let's let him down and make him walk. I am going to help carry the d—n little s— of a b— to the end of Clinch mountain, but lost trail there. Nothing was to be done but to turn back." The boy was taken up by Mr. Lee and carried to the station house. Mr. Lee's in Granger county, and was turned over to Constable Coran, who lives about a mile from the place, was notified, went and saw the wounded boy and pronounced him dead. Mr. Lee then took the boy to the hospital and had him examined by Dr. Lee, who said he had been shot in the head and was dead.

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## DIED IN THE DESERT.

## THE REMAINS OF A MISSING MAN FOUND NEAR PANAMINT.

**Bad Fate of Captain H. W. Gillespie, an Old Prospector, and a Former Citizen of Georgia—Starved to Death and Eaten By Coyotes—A Tragedy of the Desert.**

San Francisco Examiner.

On the 9th of August an item appeared in the Examiner concerning the disappearance of Captain H. W. Gillespie, a well known mining prospector, who left this city on the 23d of July last for Inyo county, to locate mines for Frank Parks & Brother of this city. It was stated at the time that a letter from Wells & Fargo's agents at Darwin, expressed the opinion that Mr. Gillespie, who had left that place on the 25th for Slate Range, about twenty-five miles distant, had probably lost his way in the mountains, and that a party had been organized and had left that place to search for the missing man. A letter received here yesterday from the express agent, dated at Darwin, August 15th, gives the result of the search and the finding of the body of the missing man, as follows: "The party was composed of Frank Fitzgerald, John Palvo, T. Wibbott and two Indians. After five days search for Captain Gillespie his trail was found going in the direction of the mouth of Panamint canyon. We followed the trail until it led into the salt marsh. Here the parties divided. Palvo and Wibbott leading the animals around the marsh. Fitzgerald and Indian Tom followed the trail on foot across the marsh and to firm ground beyond until it reached the main road, leading up to Panamint canyon. Here the trail was lost, but we found it again about two hundred yards further on, at the first mesquit tree, where he had stopped and eaten mesquit beans. From this point all tracks were lost for that day (August 13th), and ourselves and animals being out of provisions, feed, etc., we were compelled to go to Panamint for supplies. We renewed the search the next morning, assisted by Indians Tom and Jim, and at 8:20 a. m. the body was found about a mile southwest of Hot Springs, Panamint valley, Inyo county. The body was nearly nude of clothing from the waist up. His face was eaten up by coyotes; also the right arm close to the shoulder. We dug a grave as close to the body as possible, and then turned it in with pick and shovel; but previous to doing so, we wrapped the body in a blanket. Before interring the body we cut the pantaloons pockets of the deceased, and found a small pocketbook, a pistol, a pair of eyeglasses, a pair of goggles and a pocket-knife; also the remnants of a pocket-book and scraps of paper that had been eaten by the coyotes, all of which have been delivered to J. F. Fiedler, agent of the express company at Darwin. By the appearance of the body it must have lain there for at least ten days. We buried the body at 3 p. m., August 14th. On account of the decomposed state of the corpse it was utter impossibility to move it to any point of interment, as the nearest cemetery is about eleven miles distant."

Captain Gillespie was 62 years of age at the time of his death, and was well and favorably known in California and Nevada for his sterling qualities of mind and heart. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, having reached the high position of knight commander. He was a pioneer of this state, arriving here shortly after the close of the Mexican war, in which he participated. He was also one of the earliest settlers of the state of Nevada and a pioneer of the Comstock, at one time owning the Bloomington ranche, which, it is claimed, covered the present side of Virginia City and Gold Hill. At the beginning of the war of the rebellion Mr. Gillespie warmly espoused the cause of the South, and was a member of the Comstock Nevada at his own expense, with which he went to Texas, accompanied by General Albert Sydney Johnston and Dr. Showalter. He was engaged in many battles of the war, and returned to this state at its close. He was honest and upright in all dealings and firm in his principles. He was a native of Georgia, where two of his brothers now reside, one at Americus and the other in Atlanta.

## SHOOTING AT GUITEAU.

How the Poor Coward Acted Under Fire.

Dispatch to Cincinnati Gazette.

WASHINGTON, September 11.—Another attempt was made to-night to kill the assassin Guitreau. It is now probable that he was in fact a freak, but the intention of the soldier who fired the shot was, from his standpoint, well meant. It seems that for some days there had been talk among the soldiers detailed to guard the wretch as to who should take a shot at him whenever he presented himself at the window of his cell. The prisoner's cell looks out through another window on the outside corridor, and was plainly perceptible to the guards who watched the eastern side of the jail. The duty of firing a shot at Guitreau, it appears, fell to the lot of Sergeant John A. Mason, of company B, 2d artillery, and he prepared for it when he was ordered with other soldiers to have the gun ready to fire at any time on guard duty. The wagon loads of soldiers left the arsenal, Sergeant Mason was in the last wagon. He was noticed by some of his companions to fumble with the lock of his rifle, and act strangely, but nothing was said, as the sergeant had been drinking during the day, and none in the wagon were aware of the day he had been called on to fulfill, and when the wagon drew up to the rear of the jail Mason was the first to a light. He pushed hurriedly through a group of soldiers to the window of his cell, and, reaching a small hillock about three feet from where the horses stood, he held his rifle to his shoulder, took a steady aim at the well known window of Guitreau opposite, shouted, "there he is!" and fired. The report of the rifle attracted attention, and before the smoke had cleared away twenty soldiers were collected around Mason, and Private Davis said:

"In heaven's name, man, why did you shoot?"

"I wanted to kill that wretch in there," was the answer. "I have been done on this for ten days, and I hope I have done the work in good style."

Mason then walked toward his commanding officer, Captain McIlvory, saying, "Captain, I have endeavored to kill that dirty loafer in there. Here is my gun and bayonet, sir! run me in."

Captain McIlvory was astonished. He had heard the shot, and witnessed the excitement, but had not dreamed of the intentions of the soldier. But when the latter came forward and made his confession, he recognized that something serious had occurred, and turned Mason over to the custody of two soldiers. About that time all was excitement and confusion. Prisoners who could, who could look out of their windows and had been aroused, began to scream and shout, and on the inside of the jail a scene of the greatest excitement prevailed. Warden Crocker and Deputy Rusk, with several guards off duty, who were conversing in the office of the jail, sprang to their feet, while the report of the rifle rang through the corridor, and naturally believing what it meant, ran toward Guitreau's cell. They found the latter on his knees, an expression of terror on his face. "Great God!" he exclaimed, when General Crocker looked into his cell, "what do these men mean, any way? Do they mean to murder me?"

"Why, no; what are you talking about?"

answered General Crocker, who had not learned what the trouble was.

"Well, just this," answered Guitreau: "I have been shot at again. I was standing at my window just now, when a shot was fired by one of those soldiers outside, the bullet passed my ear and went through my coat hanging up there on the wall, cutting in pieces the photo of my old mother."

"Did it strike you at all?" asked Crocker.

"No, but, my God, it frightened me nearly to death."

"I will go out and find out about it," said Crocker, and he proceeded by the back door to investigate. He found a scene of confusion as he descended and learned why Mason had shot, and a brief consultation was held, during which it was agreed to inform Guitreau that the shooting was accidental. General Crocker went back to Guitreau's cell with the message. Guitreau was as pale as a ghost when he approached the cell. He found Guitreau leaning against the bars, peering out anxiously.

"Ah, general," he said, when the warden returned, "what have you learned?"

"This," said Crocker, "that you have not been shot at all. One of the soldiers, upon alighting from the wagon, discharged his weapon by accident, and I suppose it was the ball that entered your cell. Don't think for a moment, old fellow, that any shot at you."

Guitreau took the explanation quietly, but, as General Crocker had afterward, there was a dark look in his eyes, and he fell back from his door and took a seat on his cot, as though he was thinking.

"I went out of the office," said General Crocker, "and had a talk with the guards, and we came to the conclusion that Guitreau had better be removed to another cell. We removed him. We took him down to the old cell occupied by Jim Stone, who was hanged for murdering his wife, and you ought to have heard him kick. He thought, in the face of an explanation, that he had been shot at by accident, and had been removed, so thought, but we pacified him, and took him over to his new cell."

"What did they do with Mason?"

"Oh, they took that crank down to the arsenal, and placed him under a strong guard, and I don't believe he will ever attempt to shoot a man again."

"What did Guitreau say after he got into his new quarters?"

"Not a word, except to complain that he was not allowed a better view from the window."

There is no chance for his being shot at again."

"Not the least. He is safe."

When Sergeant Mason was being driven through the streets on his way to the arsenal a crowd gathered at the corner of Third street and Pennsylvania avenue and gave him a hurrah. They had evidently heard what he had done, but he lay back between two stout shoulders, and would say nothing. When the news became public to-night it created a sensation, and very many people regretted that Mason's shot had missed its mark.

**Horsford's Acid Phosphate.**

For nervous debility, enfeebled digestion, etc. Pamphlet free. Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

"What are your politics?" the chaplain of the New Haven penitentiary asked of an intelligent-looking convict. "I have not come out for anybody yet," replied the convict, gazing placidly through the bars.

Sergeant S. Lehman, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., writes: I regard it a strict duty to express my sincere thanks for the benefits derived from the use of St. Jacobs Oil. For more than a year I suffered so terribly from rheumatism that I was unable to stand on my feet or use my arms. The oil, however, which I commenced to use, has completely relieved me of all suffering, and I don't believe it will ever attempt to shoot a man again."

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Sergeant S. Lehman, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., writes: I regard it a strict duty to express my sincere thanks for the benefits derived from the use of St. Jacobs Oil. For more than a year I suffered so terribly from rheumatism that I was unable to stand on my feet or use my arms. The oil, however, which I commenced to use, has completely relieved me of all suffering, and I don't believe it will ever attempt to shoot a man again."

"What did Guitreau say after he got into his new quarters?"

"Not a word, except to complain that he was not allowed a better view from the window."

There is no chance for his being shot at again."

"Not the least. He is safe."

When Sergeant Mason was being driven through the streets on his way to the arsenal a crowd gathered at the corner of Third street and Pennsylvania avenue and gave him a hurrah. They had evidently heard what he had done, but he lay back between two stout shoulders, and would say nothing. When the news became public to-night it created a sensation, and very many people regretted that Mason's shot had missed its mark.



Having made arrangements to occupy the store-house of Moore, Marsh & Co., on the 17th of September, we will offer till that date our large stock of China, Crockery, Glassware, Lamps, etc., at prices never before approximated in this market, in order to avoid the expense and damage of moving.

MCBRIDE & CO.

Jan 16 day above we are top col

COTTON AND WEATHER.

COTTON, middling uplands closed in Liverpool yesterday, at 7 5/16d; in New York, 12 1/2c; in Atlanta, 11 1/2c.

The Weather.

The Signal Service Bureau report indicates for Georgia to-day, fair weather, easterly winds, stationary barometer and temperature.

Daily Weather Report.

OBSEVER'S OFFICE, SIGNAL CORPS, U. S. A., KIMBALL HOUSE, September 13, 10:31, p. m. [All observations taken at the same moment of actual time.]

NAME OF STATION.	Barometer.	Thermometer.	Wind.	Direction.	Force.	Rainfall.	Weather.
Atlanta	30.01	73	69	E.	Fresh	.00	Clear.
Augusta	30.05	77	68	S.	Calm	.00	Clear.
Columbus	30.02	85	75	N. W.	Fresh	.00	Clear.
Georgia	30.02	82	76	S.	Fresh	.00	Partly cloudy.
Indiana	29.91	82	76	E.	Light	.00	Fair.
Key West	29.95	81	78	E.	Light	.00	Fair.
Mobile	29.93	80	78	N.	Fresh	.00	Cloudy.
Montgomery	29.95	79	65	E.	Light	.00	Cloudy.
Panama City	29.95	81	77	E.	Fresh	.00	Cloudy.
Peascod	29.95	81	77	E.	Fresh	.00	Cloudy.
Savannah	30.02	77	78	S.	E. Light	.00	Fair.

NOTE—FORCE OF WIND: Light, 1 to 2 miles per hour, inclusive; Gentle, 2 to 5, inclusive; Fresh, 5 to 14, inclusive; Brisk, 15 to 29, inclusive; High, 30 to 39, inclusive.

Local Weather Report.

ATLANTA, GA., September 13, 1881.

TIME.	Barometer.	Thermometer.	Wind.	Direction.	Force.	Rainfall.	Weather.
6:31 a. m.	30.08	64	57	N.	Fresh	.00	Cloudy.
10:31 a. m.	30.08	79	66	E.	Light	.00	Fair.
2:00 p. m.	30.08	79	66	S.	Light	.00	Fair.
2:31 p. m.	30.01	75	58	S. W.	Fresh	.00	Cloudy.
9:00	30.00	81	58	E.	Light	.00	Cloudy.
10:31	30.01	73	60	E.	Fresh	.00	Cloudy.

Mean daily bar. 30.03 Maximum ther. 65.2  
Mean daily ther. 73.9 Minimum ther. 63.8  
Mean daily humid. 66.7 Total rainfall. 0.00

H. HALL,  
Sergeant Signal Corps, U. S. A.

Rogers & Sons, and John Russell's Cutlery and Plated-ware; Haviland & Co.'s China, from France; Cut-Glass from Germany, Belgium and France; Earthenware, English and Domestic, in endless varieties and decorations, imported by myself direct from the manufacturers. I challenge competition in prices, style and quality.

HENRY SELTZER.

Nov 24—dly 1st pre loc.

J. P. STEVENS & CO., HEADQUARTERS FOR

WATCHES.

34 WHITEHALL STREET.

A. F. PICKERT,  
NEW WATCHES.

THE

SILVER PALACE,  
No. 5 Whitehall Street,  
CENTENNIAL BUILDING.

A. F. PICKERT,  
decsd 4th y 1st col

New Ball and Decorated  
Hoop Ear Rings,  
AT

STEVENS & CO'S  
WHITEHALL STREET.

Watch Your Neighbor.

Watch your neighbor; don't give them a chance to move without you seeing them; if you do, they might do something wrong and you not know about it.

To be sure, you never knew of them doing anything wrong, but they might have, if you had not seen it. If you had not seen it, you know all about it. Don't give them a chance to redeem their failings, and if possible make your actions and looks fit for the world. If you do worse than looks, and even then, it was a good deal worse than looks, and even then, it was a good deal worse than your neighbor's character, the more conscious you will feel of your own spotless virtue.

Of course you never did anything wrong, or if you did, you were smart enough not to let other people find it out; that is, you think you were.

So it is your duty to make the most out of your neighbor's weakness, and that will warn other people, and will help you to keep the world in line.

One person, who has been doing something wrong, unless he can get 12 per cent interest with good security, he goes about in winter and summer more naked than clothed.

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